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Faithful in a very little

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'Faithful in a very little.'

**A LOVING MEMORIAL OF
BESSIE HARRISON.**

BY A SORROWING SISTER.

**EDITED BY
CATHERINE VAUGHAN.**

**LONDON :
JAMES NISBET AND CO.
1874.**





'FAITHFUL IN A VERY LITTLE.'



It was on the 8th of October 1872 that our dear Bessie came—a happy bride—to sojourn for a brief period, as an angel amongst us.

It was a day of great joy to us. We had long loved her as a friend, and now she had married into our family, and was to live only a short distance from our own doors. We had all been busy preparing her new home for her—little thinking how soon she was to exchange it for the Eternal Mansions! Hardly more than six months had passed before those who had so fondly welcomed her had to stand, bitterly weeping, round her grave.

It had been a short companionship—and

yet, so deep was the impression she had made upon our hearts and minds, that even in the midst of our tears it seemed to us that we had scarcely lost her,—that her presence would still linger in the midst of us, in the memory of its sweet influence, and that the light she had shed over our circle would not fade away as long as we lived.

Those who knew what she had been to us have urged us to preserve some little record of her, in the hope that it may encourage others to walk in the same ways of pleasantness and the same paths of peace.

There is nothing extraordinary in what we have to tell. What this dearly loved sister was, we all may be. She was not by nature gifted with anything that made her conspicuous above others. She had no brilliant attractions or wonderful powers. The ornaments and treasures which made her so lovely in the eyes of those who knew her were found where *all* may find them—at the feet of that Good

Master who pours unmeasured wealth into the hands of His true servants. There, at His feet, she had taken up her abode ; and there it was that she gained that sweet serenity and peace, that touching love for others, that self-forgetfulness and deep humility which made her life such a happiness to herself and such a blessing to all around her.

She was indeed a 'helper of our joy.' She drew us nearer to one another, and nearer to our God. Our home was richer for having had her—richer in the best of riches. We all felt when she was gone that our lives had become more earnest, and that we had learned to look more stedfastly towards the Everlasting Hills. No one could be much with her without being drawn into the atmosphere of love and holiness in which she lived. 'She seemed,' said one who saw her daily during her last illness, 'always to realize her heavenly Father's presence.' And this was true, not only in her days of sick-

ness, but in her days of health. She did everything as one who remembered that she was *in the sight of God*. Her life was, as a consequence of this constant remembrance, one of intense earnestness, even in its minutest details. She was always studying to have a 'conscience void of offence.' If she saw anything in her conduct which she thought wrong, she would say: 'That was not right; I shall not do it again; no, not again.' And from these decisions she never swerved. Every little fault was to her a sin, needing new pardon and renewed peace, and sending her again to the foot of the Cross to have it washed away. Her path was indeed 'as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' It was ever getting brighter and clearer from human infirmity. Her 'delight was in the law of the Lord, and in that law did she exercise herself day and night.' And as she grew in holiness, the sense of her own imperfection

and shortcoming grew deeper also. She had none of that self-complacency which is often so great a disfigurement in even truly Christian characters.

'A poor little sinner' was generally the expression she used when speaking of herself. Few things made her more indignant than to take up a book, whether of fiction or biography, in which the characters were represented as perfect. Such a book she would gently put from her, saying, 'It may be very beautiful, but it won't help a poor little sinner like me.'

In November 1871 she writes: 'I am so far from what I ought to be—sometimes I am almost in despair with myself—I feel as if I were going back instead of forward; and I am so frightened lest easy, careless feelings should come over me.' And again in February 1872: 'I feel almost frightened with all the loving praise you send me. You do not know how little I deserve it. I am so

far from what is right. I do not know how to make you understand that I am anything but what you think me.' And these were not mere *words*, as such expressions too often are ; it was what she really believed and felt. She could not understand how any one could look far down into their own hearts and lives, and continue to think highly of themselves. Not only in the days of her childhood, but through all the days of her life, she ordered herself 'lowly and reverently' as 'towards her betters.' She always regarded herself as the last of all, and the least of all. Even with her most familiar friends she was always *deferential*. 'May I come?' she would say, or 'Can you do with me?' 'No one could help loving her,' said one who had learnt to know her just before her marriage, 'she was so sweet, and so *gentle*.'

She always said she had a hasty temper to subdue, but the only sign she ever gave of

it was by a heightened colour, and lips for a few moments tightly pressed together in firm silence. And even this slight indication of disturbance was generally only when she thought some wrong or unkindness had been done to another. For herself, she was never offended. Her profound humility saved her from half those petty annoyances which so often fret our hearts and tempers.

‘A work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait,’

seemed to be her chosen motto. *Self* she had thrown away altogether, and thought only how she could bring sunshine and gladness into the lives of others. An aged friend who lived near her during the last months of her life, said of her with tears after she was gone, ‘She was the *kindest* creature that ever lived,—she was always wanting to do something for you.’ Sometimes, if she saw me doing anything she thought too hard for me, she would say, ‘Let me do that for you ;

I am sure you ought not to do it.' And I used to say, 'I could not find in my heart to let you, child; I think I am better able to do it than you are:' and she would answer, 'Oh, but I'm quite well this morning—*do* let me do it for you.'

Even as a child, she was always watching for opportunities of helping or serving others. Her first little offices of love began at the time of her father's death, when she was not quite four years old. She would go up to her mother, when she saw her weeping, and with her tiny pinafore wipe the tears from her eyes, saying as she did so, 'Don't cry, else I shall cry too.' 'And such,' said her mother, when speaking of this in after days, 'she has been to me ever since.'

As she grew older, she used to visit any of her poorer neighbours who were ill or in trouble,—lending them her books to read, reading aloud to them herself, and doing what little she could to cheer and comfort

them. One man—a policeman—whom she often went to see when he was ill, said that ‘she was *like an angel* coming in.’ And when at last he died, the peculiar care and tenderness she bestowed on his little fatherless children, when she met them at school or elsewhere, were often noticed and remarked upon by her young friends and companions.

Later on, other more regular and settled duties were added to these loving ministrations. At the age of seventeen she became pupil-teacher in the school, and shortly afterwards she joined the church choir as a voluntary member.

She had a particularly sweet and lovely voice, and it was a real delight to her to be allowed to use it in the service of Him who gave it to her. The church was two miles distant, and she had to be there early to be in time for the choir practice, but she seldom failed to be in her place at the appointed hour. She would go in all weathers, taking

her dinner with her, and returning when the afternoon service was over.

From her earliest youth she seemed to have an instinctive love for all that was holy ; but when she was about nineteen, a deep shadow was cast over her life by the death of her only brother, to whom she was devotedly attached, and from this time forwards her thoughts became more decidedly and entirely centred upon things above, and she lived more truly as one whose home and whose treasure lie beyond this fleeting world. In her hours of overwhelming grief she learnt to realize, as she had never done before, the constant presence of a loving Saviour ; and to Him she now gave her whole undivided heart and soul, walking with her eyes ever turned towards Him in deepest trust and love.

She became more intensely earnest in her intercourse with others, losing no opportunity of helping her young fellow-travellers

to seek for the 'hid treasure.' One of her cousins was reclaimed from a wild and reckless life by her fervent, anxious letters. 'She taught me,' he said, 'to take the first serious thought I ever took into my own heart, and I found I was sinful and wicked, and prayed to God to forgive me for the past, and to bless her who was the cause of rescuing me from my wild ways. And, thank God, I am now walking more and more in the paths of righteousness, and can say—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

'I sincerely hope,' he continued, 'that we shall all of us ever benefit by her instructions,—and never forget the lesson she has taught us by her truly Christian life.'

And thus she passed the early years of her youth—brightening her mother's widowed home by her tender thoughtfulness and love, and exercising a sweet and holy influence on

all around her. This quiet life lasted till she was two and twenty, when she left her mother's roof to undertake the situation of assistant mistress in the village school of Cawthorne, in Yorkshire.

Here she spent five years of earnest, loving labour, 'endeavouring,' said the Curate of the parish, who had the management of the school, 'to fulfil her duties as one who regarded her work as a responsible trust committed to her, and as an office of the Church of Christ.' The life to which she had given herself was not to her, as it is to many, one of irksome drudgery. She thought of her scholars not only as so many children who were to be taught reading and writing, but as a company of dear young pilgrims setting out upon a difficult journey, and requiring all the help that could be given them. Her heart yearned over them. She loved each one of them with a separate love—interesting herself in every little thing

concerning them, and sparing no pains to train them to walk worthy of their great inheritance as 'children of the heavenly King.'

She had often much to suffer, for her health was beginning even then to fail. But she allowed no sense of weakness or fatigue to make her indolent or unpunctual, still less impatient or irritable with her pupils. Whatever effort it might cost her, she was always the same careful, attentive, patient, loving teacher. It need hardly be said that they were greatly attached to her, and that the influence she obtained over them was of no ordinary character. It was a sad sorrow both to herself and to her children when the time came for them to part. But at the end of the five years she was appointed sole mistress of the 'Kiveton Park' School, belonging to a district on the estate of the Duke of Leeds; and here she passed the last remaining year of her unmarried life.

The scholars she now had to deal with were a very rough, undisciplined set. 'It is very hard work,' she wrote, soon after taking possession of her new post; 'the children, most of them, are very wild and disobedient,—many of them have never been to school before. I have been five weeks with them now, and we are beginning to get into a little order, but not quite into steady work. . . . I feel as if I wanted some one to give me advice every day; and sometimes I am very much puzzled in school to know what to do for the best.'

But, conquered by love, the once wild and disobedient became loving and tractable. All excepting one boy, who set her at defiance before the other children, and was in danger of upsetting her authority. She bore with him long and patiently, trying all the gentler means of persuasion or correction, but without effect. Very thankful would she have been if his parents had

removed him, but this they would not do. And so she had to be stern with herself as well as with the lad, and punish him severely. To one on whose sympathy she could rely, she thus speaks of it :

‘I am really in such trouble that I cannot help telling you. . . . I have a big lad in my school that I have tried all sorts of means with to make him obedient, but I never could succeed for more than a day or two. He has been worse lately, and yesterday I was obliged to punish him ; and then he became very violent, and I felt I must not let him get the mastery, and I punished him severely. I have conquered him, and he has behaved quite well since, but I am so sorry for him. Still if it were to occur with another child, I do not know that I could act differently, for I only punished him to make him obedient, and less would not make him so. He turned on his last school-mistress, and fought her. He did not

attempt that with me. The clergyman and steward who have charge of the school have given me kind sympathy and support, but I am almost ill.'

She said afterwards, when speaking of this, that for a fortnight she scarcely ate or slept ; she could only pray continually. But she never once regretted having done her duty to the boy, and ever afterwards he was the most obedient scholar she had, devoted to her both in and out of school ; and when at last the day came for her to take leave of them, his sorrow at parting with her burst out in heartbreaking tears and sobs.

This is the only instance of her having had to resort to extreme measures, though she would never have shrunk from doing so if the child's welfare was in question. To withhold correction when it was necessary, she would have considered a cruel unkindness. Once after her marriage, a little child wrote to her and said, 'I should like

you to teach me, I think you would be so kind.'

'Little darling !' she said, as she read the words, 'but I hope she would not think it unkind to be firm too.' Nothing grieved her more than to see that mistaken kindness which refuses to allow the least discipline in the training of children. She would often say, 'It is just *selfishness*.'

Her whole teaching was calculated to have, and did have, a quiet practical effect upon her scholars. It affected their daily life and hourly conduct. They did not return from school satisfied only because they had written better copies, or done a more difficult sum, or given more correct answers ; they came away impressed by the picture of gentleness and goodness that had been before them. They learnt to be kind to one another, and to every living thing. Often, as they walked along, they might have been seen stepping aside from the path lest they should tread

upon a snail or worm. Their loving teacher taught them to be reverent towards everything that God had made, by explaining to them the wonderful and minute care He had bestowed on the smallest objects of His creation. And they showed how they valued her lessons, by remembering them out of school ; and often they would pick up snails and other things, which before had had no attraction for them, and bring them to her, that she might tell them any interesting facts concerning them.

But above all did these dear children love their Sunday-school, and the sweeter stories she told them there of a Saviour's love. She and her scholars formed a chief part of the little congregation which met together in her schoolroom (there being no church in the village) for the simple Sunday services, and their voices took part in the singing. The nearest church was a mile and a half off ; but she took the elder children there, if the

weather permitted, for the afternoon service, and in the evening there was again service in the schoolroom. These Sundays were a great exertion for her, but they were always much enjoyed both by herself and her little flock.

She was always deeply interested in missionary work, and she interested her children in it also. During the year she held her school they subscribed eleven shillings towards the maintenance of an orphan child in the Hyderabad Sindh Mission.

She had a wonderful power of understanding and of sympathizing with children; and in her own simplicity of heart she was so entirely a child herself, that she won them as if by a charm. There was an irresistible influence about her wherever she went, or whatever she did; and children, who are quick to see and feel and easy to impress, yielded to it at once. Her *life* was their teacher, whether they knew it or not.

Whether they met her in the lanes, or saw her in their homes, they saw her always the same—as much their teacher out of school as their loving friend in school—gentle, tender, reverent, with the same sweet smile ready at all times for all.

They had always a pet name for her. It did not lessen her influence to allow them such a privilege. She loved them, and they knew it, and to be loved by them again was her great joy.

But much as she loved all children, it was for 'lads' that she felt the most especial fondness; she understood them so well, and knew so well how to deal with them. Boys without 'spirits' was what she never expected to meet with. She delighted in the life and energy belonging to their nature. In answer to something that had been said by him who was to become her husband, about the unruly, mischievous behaviour of some of his own Sunday scholars, she writes :

‘I laugh every time I think of your “Sunday scholars.” It is so like lads full of spirits. I know them so well. I am sure you will have your hands full.’

In these ‘Sunday scholars’ she took the greatest interest after her marriage, giving her husband all the help and sympathy she could. She had intended, had her life been spared, to have received them occasionally in her own house in the evening, thinking it would soften their manners, and make them more ready to give heed to the instruction offered them on Sundays. ‘I don’t mind the extra trouble,’ she said; ‘and if they come in with dirty feet, what does that matter? The dirt can be cleaned away, and it would do them so much good!’

She was greatly delighted one day, when she was settled in her married home, by a scene which she saw from her windows. ‘You know,’ she said, ‘there is a pump just in front of our house, and this morning I

saw some lads grouped round it. The street is new, and the road not yet made, and there are great hollows here and there, and these lads were filling them with water, and turning them into miniature lakes, carrying the water in their caps or anything they could get hold of. Some people would have driven them off, but I felt *much more like helping them.* 'Oh,' she went on to say, 'there was *grand* stuff in those lads; you could have done anything with them!'

She always went to her school work with a light and willing step; but loving letters from her dear ones made some days especially bright for her, and gave her great encouragement, sending her on her way, as she described it, 'with a quick, jumping sort of happy trot.'

She was a dear lover of the country, and of all country joys, and these daily walks to and fro were a source of great enjoyment to her. The first words of a letter written on

the afternoon of a holiday show how much she was alive to all sweet and pleasant influences around her: 'Sun shining beautifully, birds singing, bees humming, children at play, and kittens asleep.'

In her leisure hours she would go and visit any of the children who were ill, making the time pass delightfully by telling them stories, singing hymns, and ministering to their wants with the most touching tenderness. Sometimes she would even sit up with them at night, and in all cases she would offer up prayers in their behalf. When their illness was of a kind which prevented her going to them for the sake of the others, it was a great sorrow to her. 'I could not pass the house,' she said one day, when speaking of such an instance, 'so I turned the other way.' She knew that if a little face had been at the window, there would have been a tear shed because she 'went past, and didn't come and see me.'

Many are the sweet and endearing memories of her that will linger for years to come in the homes of her little flock, as well as within the walls of her school.

‘There is not a child in Kiveton,’ said the Scripture reader, in speaking of her labours of love, ‘whose little face does not brighten up at the very mention of her name.’ Nor was it her scholars only who mourned and lamented her when she was taken from them. Old and young—the parents as well as the children—all felt that when they parted from her a blank was left in their lives which could not easily be repaired.

She continued her school duties with her usual attention and earnestness up to the time of her marriage. On the eve of her wedding-day the children had a treat given them in her honour. Many kind things were said of her, and a present of five pounds was made her in the name of the Duke to whom the school belonged, ‘that

she might buy herself a wedding present as a remembrance of the respect he had had for her, and of the pleasure it had given him to observe the good conduct and nice behaviour of the children when he had met them, or seen them about in the lanes.'

But her scholars could not content themselves with this farewell. The next day, on her way to church, they were there, strewing her path with flowers; and when the wedding party had returned home, and were seated at breakfast, they gathered in little groups about the door for the chance of getting one last word or look. When she heard they were there, she went towards them, and said in her own sweet loving tones, 'Children, *all* who want a kiss, come in!' There was a joyful rush, and each one in turn was made happy by a fond embrace. It was a touching parting, that will long be remembered by those who stood around, as

well as by those dear young friends who were to see her face no more.

On the evening of that day she took possession of her new home in Doncaster,—that ‘darling home,’ as she loved to call it, which her presence was to turn into such a blessed haven of repose and peace. To this new sphere of duties she now devoted all her energies. She was resolved that everything around her should be as bright and attractive as possible, and that nothing on her part should be wanting which could ensure her husband’s happiness and comfort. So well did she order everything, that it was said by one who was herself a most experienced manager, and knew how to appreciate all this, ‘She might have been in house-keeping for *twenty years*.’

But careful as she was in attending to her household duties, she would allow nothing to preoccupy her when her husband was at home. Her work was so arranged that she

was always ready to give him her undivided attention at whatever hour he might return. She considered it a sacred duty to make his leisure moments as sweet and reposeful as she could. It was indeed a *well* of sympathy that he found in her. 'I cannot gossip about myself now as I used to do,' she would say; 'I don't think it would be right, because my life is *bound up* with my husband's.'

But it was a shortlived happiness. Scarcely had Christmas come and gone, when it became evident to all that she was beginning to fade. It was difficult to persuade her, as day by day she got weaker, that she was really no longer able to fulfil her daily duties. It was a sad trial to her to think of giving them up. But when she found that she was indeed no longer equal to the exertion, the prospect of having a little servant-maid to help her opened out a new interest to her, and gave her subject for much pleasant thought. She felt it would be like the con-

tinuation of her school work to train her in habits of industry and obedience, and to win her into faithful service by love,—watching over her spiritual as well as temporal welfare. ‘A servant,’ she said, ‘should have the same loving care and consideration from us as a child might have;’ and she loved to add, ‘He that bringeth up his servant delicately from a child shall have him become his son at the length.’

But time was not given her to fulfil her sweet intentions. Soon she became too ill to attend to anything. A severe cold, ending in an attack of pleurisy, brought on the fatal malady which had only bided its time, and which could not have been long averted under any circumstances.

She was out for the last time on the 25th of January. On the 10th of February her mother came to nurse her, and from that time her strength rapidly declined. She seemed at first to take the suffering as a

necessary chastisement, feeling perhaps that she had been a little too anxious to do everything. 'I believe I was in *need* of suffering or trouble,' she said, 'and our dear heavenly Father has dealt mercifully with me,—not chastening me severely; not more than I can bear.'

On the 15th of January she was carried to bed in great agony, caused by violent spasms. She never went down-stairs again. The next day she had another severe attack,—so severe that those who stood by thought she could not survive it. When she had a little recovered, she said: 'I would have you *sing praises* for this relief from severe pain.' Not a single murmur ever escaped her. All through her illness her patience was unbroken; and whatever might be her state of pain or weakness, she never failed to say a deep, heartfelt 'Thank you' for every little service that was rendered her.

From this second seizure she slightly

rallied,—enough to give us all a hope that she might recover at least for the summer. Her heart overflowed with thankfulness for these days of betterness. But not less thankful was she on all other days. ‘God is good to me.’ ‘He showers His blessings upon me every day.’ ‘Surely our heavenly Father has picked me out to bless.’ These were her frequent expressions. She would let no one call anything *hard* that God sent. ‘We ought,’ she said, ‘to *worship* the will of God.’

One great trial during her illness was, that her husband’s invalid sister, to whom she had long been fondly attached, was so entirely bound to her own suffering couch that there was no possibility of her seeing her. But even this was never made a subject of complaint. Only in the loving little notes which she wrote to her from time to time she would just express the hope that she might be ‘better soon, that they might meet.’

But never again were they to meet here below. Soon she became visibly worse, and our hopes had nothing more left to build upon. The disease was there in all its virulence. When, in answer to her inquiries, she learnt the truth, that her days on earth could be but few, she asked why she had not been told sooner. She 'should have been told,' she said.

Shortly afterwards her husband, after reading to her some kind words that had been written from Kiveton expressive of the sorrow they had all felt at her departure, would have dwelt upon them, but she begged him not to do so, saying: 'I have nothing to do now with any good I may have done. I can only look to the Cross and rest there.'

On that or the following night she said to her mother: 'Mother, don't you remember about the rich young ruler who went to Jesus to ask Him what he should do to inherit eternal life, and Jesus told him to sell

all that he had and give to the poor, and take up his cross and follow Him ; and he was very sorrowful because he had *great possessions*' ? 'Mother !' she continued after a pause, 'I am like that rich young ruler, for I have "great possessions."' "

That was all ; she said no more, and for a day or two she was nearly silent. But it was the only moment that she ever alluded to the trial of having so soon to resign the treasures that had just been given her. From this time she looked only forwards. She said but little to any one ; indeed, her weakness was so great, and her cough so distressing, that she could not bear more than a few words of conversation at a time. Sometimes she spoke of conflict. 'Satan hindered prayer,' she said ; 'but *Jesus knows*,' she would add. Very touching it was to see her fold her poor feeble hands and try again and again to express her thoughts in prayer. At such times a prayer said by her side

would comfort her ; and if she could follow the petitions in the Lord's Prayer, she would lie still after it, quite composed and tranquil.

The family prayers, too, which had helped to consecrate the little dwelling from its beginning, were continued in the sick-room whenever she could bear it. When one or two loved ones were present she would ask them to sing hymns for her,—once or twice even starting the tunes herself.

It was felt by all to be a great privilege to do anything for her, she was so sweet and so touchingly grateful. And yet she was never afraid of making known her wants ; for she used to say when she was well, that 'invalids ought not to mind giving trouble.' 'God sends suffering,' she would say, 'not only for their own sakes, but for the good of others too. Other people have to learn patience as well as the sick one, and everything that demands self-denial is good for us all.'

She could not bear to see any one fretting near her, and she would beg them not to do so. To her sorrowing husband, who said to her one day, 'You will think of me sometimes when you are gone?' she replied in calm measured words: 'I shall do just what God wants me to do, and I don't know yet what that will be.'

To her mother, who asked, 'What shall I do when you are gone?' she said: 'You must come after me, mother.'

Once she expressed a longing for a little 'brighter assurance.' Her humility was so great and her depreciation of herself so entire, that it was hardly to be expected she would feel any strong confidence; but she was lovingly urged to look off from herself, and to fix her gaze on Jesus only. These and a few encouraging words from her Vicar soothed her little tremblings, and 'perfect peace' was hers to the end.

It was peace, not elation. 'I have peace,'

she said one day when asked if she was happy, 'and I feel comfortable.'

She used to lie with her eyes shut, but when any one crept into her room, she would open them, give one sweet look and a loving smile, and then close them again. Sometimes she would say: 'I am waiting.' And 'she looked,' some one said of her, 'like one who was *listening for a call*.'

In years gone by she had been heard to say that she would like to die on Good Friday or Easter Day, and now these holy days were close at hand. The holy Communion was administered to her on the 24th of March, and she had received much spiritual strength and refreshment from it. April found her sinking fast, and seeming as if she was already gone from us. But she could still on most days bear to have a chapter read to her. And as the sweet story of the Cross, the obedience there perfected, and the suffering borne for us, were day by day

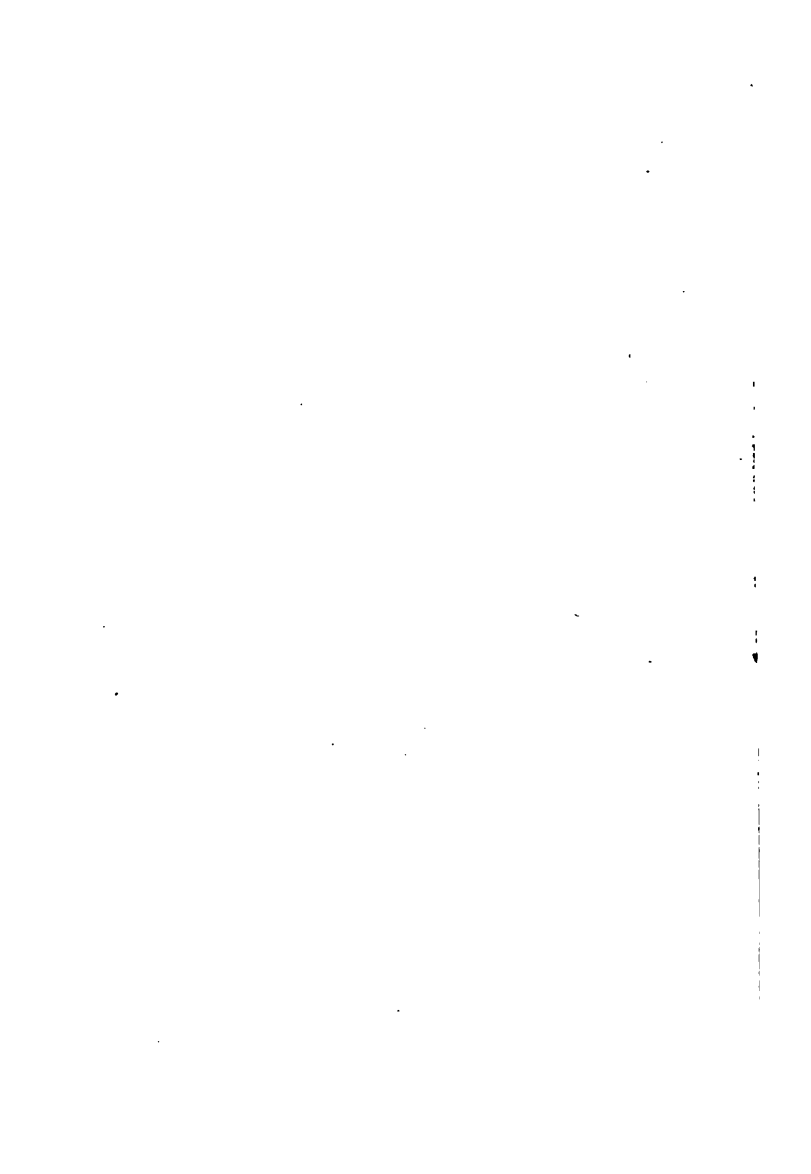
dwelt upon, there came increasing strength and comfort not only for the dying one, but also for the mourning hearts around her.

On Good Friday she had almost ceased to notice any one. She knew her kind pastor, however, when he called, and was just able to ask him to pray with her, and to say an earnest 'Thank you' as he left her. She appeared slightly better on Easter Monday; but the following day towards noon a change passed over her, and the Doctor said she was dying.

Through the few hours that followed, her loved ones watched beside her. 'You will soon be with Jesus now, darling,' was said to her by her weeping husband. They thought her lips moved as if in reply, but no sound came from them. A little before four o'clock she slowly opened her eyes and raised them upwards with a look of intense earnestness, and a radiant expression, beautiful to

behold, came over her countenance. Again the eyes closed and again they opened, and with another upward look, another rapt gaze, the happy spirit passed, almost visibly, into the presence of the great King.

'O glorious end of life's short day of sadness !
O blessed course so well and nobly run !
O home of true and everlasting gladness !
O crown unfading ! and so early won !
Though tears will fall, we bless thee, O our Father,
For the dear one for ever with the blest ;
And wait the Easter dawn, when Thou shalt gather
Thine own, long parted, to their endless rest !'









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